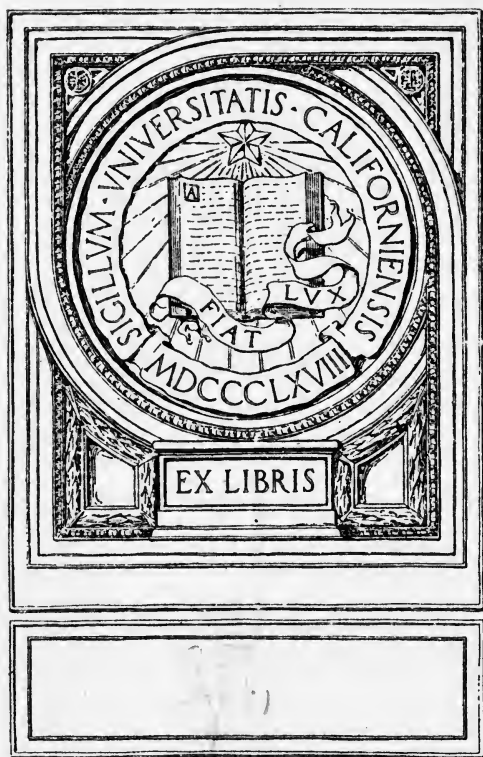


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POEMS

P O E M S

BY

WALTER CONRAD ARENSBERG



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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Published April 1914

TO MY
MOTHER

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MAIN

TO MY MOTHER

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MAIN

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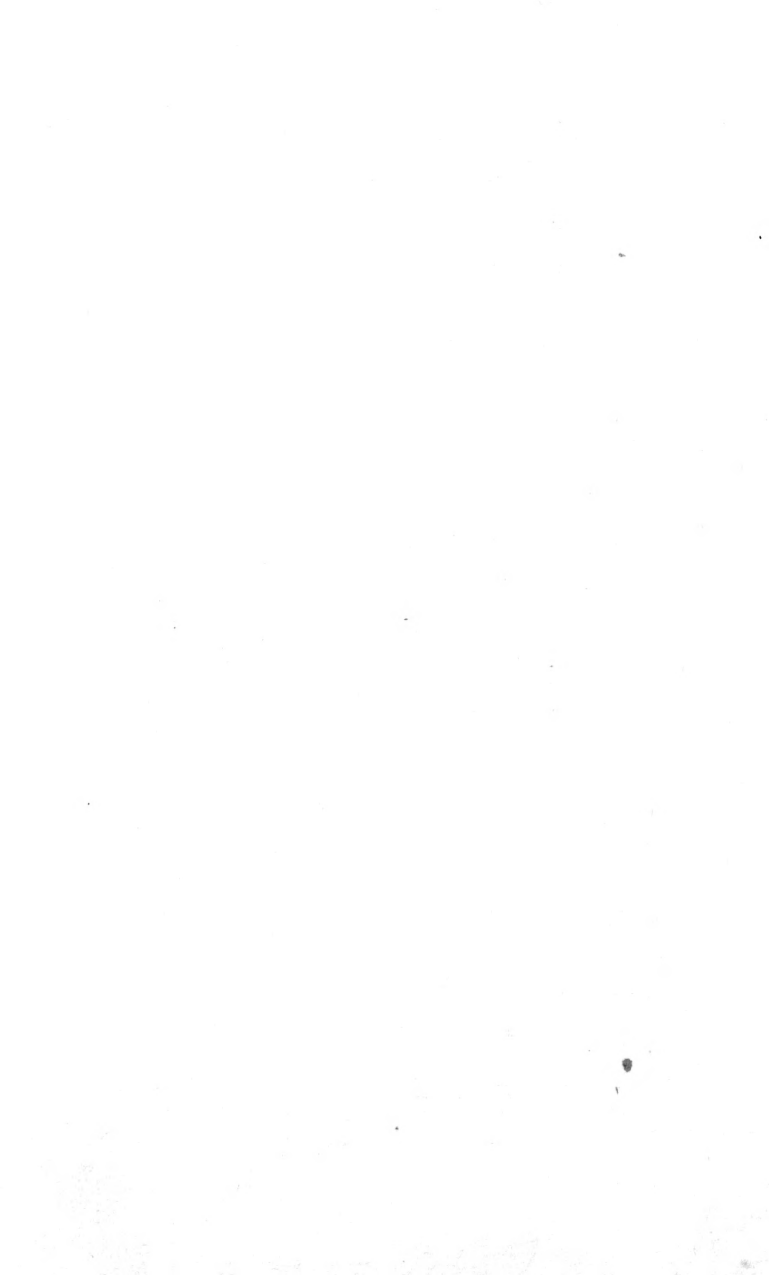
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POEMS



POEMS

TO ONE WHO READS

WHAT is it, that with all thy tears
Thou weep'st that loss of Guinevere's,
When she who lay with Lancelot
Lies now with Death and knows it not?
What is it that for Helen won
Away from withered Ilion
Thou weep'st when thirty centuries
Have taken her love and given peace?
What is it when on windy wings
Into thine eyes Francesca brings,
As to her Ark from Dante's book,
Dove-like, so faint, so far a look?
What is it? Ah, it is the thing,
Yea, this alone, for which did sing
The poet who for Beatrice
In death could do no more than this:

To make thee weep and so let live
The spirits who are fugitive
From the old life eternally
A while within the heart of thee.

IN MEMORY OF F. C. G.

EAGER and unaware
Of the obscure descent,
Singing a song he went
Down the long lonely stair

That builds upon the sands
Whence no man's eyes divine
The void of the sea-line
Broken by other lands.

The songs he used to sing,
First heard them he alone
As some sad undertone
Of daylight darkening,

As some unquiet breath
Of life that swept among
The fragile rushes sprung
In sudden waves of death.

Passionate little tunes,
That bore on changing streams
The sailing of his dreams,
Under the suns and moons

Of all his human moods,
Still in your silver flow
His visions come and go,
And his brief passion broods.

So soon his years went by,
He sang, and ceased to sing,
The while his years were spring,
He had no time to die —

No time upon the quest
Of all the fervor furled
In the unopened world,
No time, no time for rest.

He sought the shapes of sense
As seeks the worshipper
Mystically the myrrh
And holy frankincense,

For forms that wing the air
Toward the diviner things,
And lift upon their wings
A voice of burning prayer.

Wherefore a long regret,
However he be blest
In the far fields of rest,
Will hunt and haunt him yet,

His mutilated day,
And the malign caprice
That bade his being cease
Midway upon the way,

Ere in one wide control
Of mood and intellect
He well might reërect
His world a perfect whole,

Ere in the crucible
Of passion he might fuse,
Pure for his spirit's use,
The world that he loved well.

A VOW

ALL the night till day be born
Like a flower upon a thorn,
Like a moon upon a lake,
Like the eyes that you awake,
I will watch for your sweet sake !

All the day till night shall rise
Like a blindness on the skies,
Like the ice upon the brook,
Like a death in some sad book,
Like Leander's drowning look,

I will hide you in a hollow
Where the years alone may follow ;
In the heart of such a land
That the seas shall have to stand
At the circle of its strand ;

In the inner heart of me
I will keep you utterly ;
Kinder than the love of brothers,
Kinder, crueller than a mother's,
In a love that brooks no others !

There shall need no other face
For the flowering of that place,
There shall need no other glass
For the sands of time to pass,
There shall be but one Alas,—

Be it only that you stay
All the night and all the day,
Be it only that you cling
Closer till you lift a wing
For the final fluttering.

TO LITTLE M. A. ON HER BIRTHDAY

BABY born
On a morn,

With a weeping
And a sleeping

First you tested
Life, and rested.

So the trial
Broke the vial

Where the years
Keep their tears !

And you learn
Where to turn —

Life is best
On a breast !

Just the blossom
Of a bosom,

Just the mouth
Of a drouth,

Just the I
Of a cry,

Little baby,
Not a May-be

Or a Never
In Forever

Lights your way
From to-day !

Not a suture
Knits the future

To a past
All unglassed

In the skies
Of your eyes!

Thoughtless brow,
Is the Now,

Is the Real
Your Ideal —

Just to be
Momently ?

Or have you
Something new

Still to fashion
Out of passion ?

From a mother's
To another's

Bosom laid,
Unafraid,

Will you give
Leave to live,

Ere you go —
From the throe

Out of breath —
Back to death?

JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG

WINTER wind in autumn blows ;
Autumn days are grown too chilly
For Godivas of the rose
Or the raiment of the lily.

Rouged — and not so very well —
Come the dahlias now to harden
All the soft and true pastel
Of the once ungathered garden.

Even the nursery maids have flown
From the hurricane that drenches
Gods and goddesses in stone
And the God-forsaken benches.

Like cocottes along the grass,
Dauntlessly the dahlias hearken
For the steps that never pass
While the hours of daytime darken.

AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA

WATCH her experimental bluff
Of letting drop her ermine muff —
Chemically, because she waits
For masculine precipitates ;
Incredulous and credulous
That she should get the drop on us,
Apologetic for the ruse,
As though she might be thought to use
A trick too easy to be fair,
Like magic or a mere Lord's Prayer !
But really, now, she is too sweet
To flower upon the trodden street,
Too full of honey and too frail
To flaunt at the deflowering male,
Too full of faith in what her sense
Knows better than experience,
Yes, too cocksure, and still too chaste
To dream of any aftertaste

Of apples that are grown for food,
Of fruit God grew and saw was good.
She lacks, I think, the brains to be
Accomplice of her Destiny ;
And if she has the luck to find
A fellow who is not unkind,
She'll have a laugh . . . so never mind !

ON THE TRAIN

O GLAD release into the sea-deep night!
O swift and sure extinction of the light
Of Paris waning to a starry dust
Of lamps that lubricate its life and lust,
Of lamps that look at what the walls exhume
Of the still starved cadavers of a tomb
That grudges even the grace unto its dead
To let them rot without the need of bread!

The light is out. O sad, O hopeless flight
Into the dim, illimitable night,
Into the shadowy hollow of the world!
Fatally and impenetrably furled
In Paris and the Past, the flowers of days
Are now all trodden on those darkened ways,
The flowers that once were scattered in the street
To pave it, ah, for what escapéd feet!

THE MOONS OF ALL TIME

WHERE are the moons that in all olden night
Have bloomed along the shoreland of the sky,
Stately as lilies, single, still, and white,
Unhastening to open and to die?

Where are the moons upon what aimless flight,
That from their garden while the wind is high
Another breaks and bubbles toward the height,
Blown loose among the stars that wander by?

A FOUNTAIN AT FRASCATI

THE drooping of the fountain to its pool,
A silver willow weeping in the night,
Is like a wraith that haunts for lost delight
The mirror that it once made beautiful.

I hear the dropping moments in the spray . . .
The stealthy hours desert the solitude,
Wherein is waiting, waiting to be wooed,
The wraith of hushed love that passed away.

SERENADE

BE still, be still — you have dreamed awhile.
The moon and the stars are not for you,
And on the face is not the smile
That you are whispering to.

The world is waiting at your eyes.
You sleep too long, awake, awake !
You have been happy — now be wise,
And watch the bubbles break !

NIGHT

FROM utter dark to utter
Dark on the wing,
The stars are all a-flutter
With westering !

What wakens out of heaven,
What farther peace,
Arcturus and the seven
Pale Pleiades ?

And slips the moon her mooring
From out the bay . . .
What in the world is luring
The moon away ?

Horizon past horizon,
Is there a quest ?
What is the road it lies on,
West beyond west ?

Hollow above the hollow
Of star-far dome,
What way is there to follow
Home ?

AMONG THE FIELDS

ERE the day darken, dear,
Ere the day die,
Bow down and hearken, dear,
Out of the sky.

Lonely I wander, dear,
Under the sun.
Wilt thou be yonder, dear,
When days are done?

Out of the grave of thee
Up through His portal,
What did God save of thee
For the immortal?

What hath He made of thee,
More to be blest?
What of the braid of thee,
What of the breast?

Oh, when I come to thee
With the old word,
Will it be dumb to thee
Then, or be heard ?

Thou who did'st evenly
Share in the old,
Will it be heavenly
Then to withhold ?

Spirit who bore to me
Love of a woman,
Be as of yore to me
Heavenly human !

TO A SKYLARK IN THE CAMPAGNA

THOU art so far,
Bird of the singing wings
Or singing star,
That by thy lightnings

Of song alone
I trace thy sunny track
To the Unknown,
And I would call thee back !

Come unto me,
And I will build a nest
Of memory,
And I will give thee rest.

Yea, though thou roam
Deathward with all the world,
My heart's a home
Where wings will not be furled,

A home my heart
Where memory shall shrine
The deathless part
Of this mad flight of thine !

But from my call
To thee who art so far,
Bird that let'st fall
Star after falling star

Of voice afire,
Still on the flight begun
Thou mountest higher,
Up to the endless sun !

A POPPY

FLAME of the swoonéd heat
Of sun-blazed air,
Now burning in her wheat
Of golden hair,

O poppy with thy fruit
Of dream and doom,
Plucked for thy passionate mute
Appeal of bloom,

Has she the power to reckon
Toward what wild ways
She lifted thee to beckon
Above her face ?

Or is it for the red
Of just a flower
She crowns upon her head
Seductive power ?

Out of her virgin trance
Thy blood-red call
And languid petulance
Are bacchanal !

ECLOGUE

WITHIN the woodland secrecies
Of languorous glades that meekly lie
Released from the embracing trees,
Uncovered underneath the sky,

While I was all alone and heard,
Faint as an echo when it dies,
The melancholy cuckoo bird
Keep calling for her own replies,

In dream I saw Neæra there,
Lying asleep among the grapes,
Her face deep nested in her hair . . .
And all the while a satyr gapes !

With eyes that are too timid sad
And open lips that meditate
The pastures of her breast unclad,
He hears his heart —until, too late !

She has drained out her summer sleep,
Her sunshine languor melts away,
And ere her eyes dream-heavy peep,
He loses all his heart to stay!

But oftener in other mood
I wander to the wood alone,
And in a chosen solitude
Unto myself I make my moan

Of dreams that never come to flower,
And of those flowers that are forlorn,
Like morning-glories, in the hour
That takes away the hour of morn.

Oh then when I have wept apart
The flowers of dream so nearly dead,
I am enlightened in my heart
And delicately comforted,

And see that the unhuman tryst
There with the living solitude
Is sweeter than Neæra kissed
Within the secret of the wood.

EXPECTANCY

DREAM, drudge, and then the years to wait !
My heart is listening at its gate
Forever for the feet of Fate.

And while the seasons cloud and clear,
“Is Fate far off, or is Fate near,
Or passed ?” I ask — I cannot hear ;

Until my heart reads in the Laws :
“In the beginning as it was,
So shall it be without a pause !”

Until my heart in secret says :
“Along the drifting level ways
Of Time there are no different days !”

For lo ! without a trumpet blast,
The mute dead march of Fate at last
Is coming still and long is passed.

A BALLADE TO MY LADY MOONLIGHT

I KNOW not how thou cam'st to rise,
Moon of my nights, and waken me
From slumber that was death's disguise —
No power on earth could set me free.
Ah, but the power was heavenly,
The power of love in thee enshrined —
Or if it is a lunacy,
Beloved, do not call me blind!

There was no word of dim moonrise,
No early flush of birth to be
Along the east. I closed my eyes
On skies as dark as the dark sea.
The darkness was a mystery
Wherethrough there was no way to wind,
Till with thy light thou mad'st me see.
Beloved, do not call me blind!

Moon of my nights, on sapphire skies
No morning star gives light like thee,
Nor comes to birth in blossom-wise
Out of the east on mere or lea
So like a lily perfectly.
The stars before thee and behind,
When thou art shining, fade and flee.
Beloved, do not call me blind!

Listen, my Moonlight, to my plea!
Because I have not half defined
Thy beauties in these stanzas three,
Beloved, do not call me blind!

UNTIL TO-MORROW

UNTIL to-morrow or some other day,
To-morrow's morrow far and far away,
I wander with bewildered heart and feet,
Lost on the hills of separation, sweet.

Beyond the hills of separation, sweet,
Your arms will hold me when at last we meet . . .
And will you whisper, then, that I may stay
Until to-morrow or some other day ?

ROMANTICISM

I WATCHED the window of the world,
Which is myself inevitably,
How through the window was unfurled
The midnight that had darkened me.

And as the bursting buds emerge
And odorous flames of flowers are born,
I followed on the fainting verge
The slow emergency of morn.

Wherefore, because all curious things,
The warmth of flowers, the flower of flame,
The momentariness of wings
Weaving together the ways they came,

The breath of lilies on still air
That toll like censers full of myrrh,
The weaving of a woman's hair,
Which breathes the frankincense of her,

Because all curious things impress
Me only through the sense of me,
I strove to make for loveliness
A sensitive transparency ;

Till all the labor on the glass
Brought a reflection dimly known,
And mingled with the shapes that pass
I see the eyes that are mine own —

Till ever in the carelessness
Of the untroubled world I see
The image of mine own distress,
The mute mirage of sympathy,

As though the living wine of pain
Should stir again its stagnant lees,
And with a human sorrow stain
The Hermes of Praxiteles.

A PRAYER

POUR down the darkness of your hair
As a veil falls over the evening skies.
I hear the voice of an old despair
Calling, calling out of the past,
And there 's an echo that replies.
Pour down the darkness of your hair
And make a mist about my eyes ;
— For what is there to say at last ?

DREAM-TRYST

COME to me not in dream,
For fear of the awaking!
What is the good to seem,
To keep my heart from breaking?

Come to me not to-night,
O dream without a morrow!
You come and you take flight
When you have borne my sorrow.

Come to me not at all!
Then is the world a hollow.
You do not come — you call.
You do not come — I follow!

ABOVE THE SEA

THE hill is high in heaven,
And here in the control
Of vision shall be given
The seas that shall unroll
Till seas on skies are driven, —

Till through the seas asunder
Is the abysm cracked;
And there the days go under,
And there the cataract
Of Ocean throws its thunder.

And while the westward rivers
Are winding to the sea,
The dying day delivers
Its ghost, which seems to be
The dusk that cries and quivers.

Now is the saddest hour
Of hours that still are sweet.
Oh for my heart the power,
The ways oh for my feet,
To find its fatal flower!

Though love grow even fonder
Than love that lures and clings,
Oh that I still may wander
Home to the tears of things,
And know the trouble yonder!

NIGHT SONG

AH, love, it is all so dark in me
That I fear and I feel alone,
Like one who wanders along the sea
And hears the surges moan ;
When the moonless sea is a mystery
He fears and he feels alone.

Ah, love, will you look in the dark of me
As though you understood
The sea and the alien shore of the sea
And the dark unentered wood ?
Your eyes in a moonless mystery
Make heavenly neighborhood !

INTERIOR

Oh to enclose thee, sweet,
A lily in the room,
Wherein a chosen gloom
Shuts out in dim defeat

The gold and crimson blent
In the ecstatic songs
Shrilled by the sunny throngs
Of flowers too violent !

The fervent flute of June
Deliriously blows
The crimson of the rose
And the high note of noon.

The windows have a veil
That lets the summer fall
More mutely musical
Upon the cold and pale

Hush of the mastered keys
Whereo'er thy fingers furl,
O instrumental girl
For human melodies !

THE RETURN

I LAY me under quiet skies to sleep
And cease remembering the days that keep
My heart awake with murmuring their old tales,
Murmuring like a wind against the sails
That seek the sea and are blown always home.
Haply, I said, these memories may roam
At last and all go sailing down the sea,
If for an hour of sleep I cease to be.
But there were voices in the open sky
Singing so far away they seemed to die,
The voice of distance and a singing cloud
Too far above the tree-tops to be loud;
And still they sang and kept my heart awake
Because of their untroubled beauty's sake.
So it grew sweet to listen to old stories,
And view around the sterile promontories
The dreams that were too weak to cross the sea
Drift back to their old haven helplessly.

VENUS OF MELOS

Lo, I was weary, and I have rest in thee,
For over the fawns of thine unhidden breast
And solemn urgency of their long gaze,
The veil and far seclusion of thy face
Has fallen like a silence blessedly,
And hushed their hunger and eternal quest.

AUTUMN WIND

THE birds drift over the autumnal sky
Like frail and fallen leaves across a lawn,
And the unmitigating winds have drawn
Out of their chant a shivering shaken cry.

The winds have wrecked the gleaming sails of day
And they have made a sorrow of the air —
Wild winds, that are as streaming as the hair
Of girls that wait the drownéd by the bay.

QUEST

WHAT was it that I shall not seek again,
Vainly, in your pure eyes sought not in vain?

What was it, all the unsure summer through,
I feverishly hoped to find in you?

And what, when in a new, pathetic wise,
You left ajar the gateway of your eyes,

And at the last endured that I should look
Into your eyes and read as in a book,

Unveiling in a tremulous distress
The candor of your spirit's nakedness,

What was it in your eyes that let me read
Merely a woman's need of a man's need?

Why did your own desiring make you seem
No more the strange, strange woman of my dream?

Ah! what old disillusion turned to strike
And show that you were human-sisterlike?

CONFIDENCES

LISTENING woman, conjuring,
Out of the shadows of my heart,
Out of the shelter of the wing
Of shame itself that broods apart,

The words that are as wounds, the dreams
That are so quiet, being dead,
What is this wistfulness that gleams
When you have heard and I have said?

Because I looked upon your smile,
I held my heart out in a word.
Your smile grew sad a little while . . .
Alas, I dreamed that you had heard!

And you, when you have listened so,
And know the shrine that you may be,
Where praying men may come and go,
You weep, and almost feel for me.

MY LADY'S TOMB

My lady in the darkened house
Where all the dead go home to drowse
Awoke, and could not understand
The flowers that faded in her hand.

My lady in the lonely bed
Where she had never thought to wed
Knew Death, and while her eyelids kept
The look of sleep, she wept and wept.

Above her eyes, a fountain sealed,
With lips all thirsty Death hath kneeled,
And he hath drunk from the dim pool
That made her sorrows beautiful.

And in the waning garden close
Where many a lily and one red rose
Were all the life that she would reap,
Death like a lover falls asleep.

WEARINESS

I AM weary already of the years that are yet to be,
The sad and stale prepared procession of years
That flag with desperate hopes and a fever of fears
The straight descent and the single certainty.

I fear the invasion of days that, one by one,
Stealthily over the wall of the leaguered night,
Invade the city of sleep with a lance of light
And a flood of flame and the torch of a surging sun.

And when the flame and the flood pass over me,
I shall feel too tired for the waking after death.
I had rather sleep than draw the long, long breath
Of the tired insomnia of eternity.

FOR A PICTURE BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

MARY the virgin mother — see ! —
Still like a child upon the knee
Of Anne as virginal as she,

The mother like a sister grown
To her who of herself alone
Covered a god with flesh and bone.

Veiled in a smile that is not mirth,
They dream of the vain virgin birth
That is a miracle on earth.

The smile of their secretive eyes
Is with a subtle shame grown wise,
The holy shame of Mysteries.

And on their maiden mouths their smile
Hides them as Eve hid, in the guile
Of women who have loved awhile.

Though grace of God has lighted there
The hidden haloes of their hair,
And though they tend with wistful care

The Son of God and still their own,
They are as slaves whose dreams have flown
From where they wait about the throne,

As vestal slaves who dream again,
In lands where they are alien,
Of olden home and hearts of men.

SLUMBER SONG

WE are alone and guarded deep
Among the silences of sleep,
And morning muses still so far,
It has not dimmed the morning star.
Sleep and be happy, do not moan —
We are alone.

Sleep and be happy, do not break
The twilight with your eyes awake !
Oh sleep, oh sleep, the dreadful day
Is still so many hours away ;
And when you are awake you seem
To lose a dream.

CHRYSEIS

WHEN came the priest thy father to recapture
Thee, O thou sad and glad Chryseis, won
And worn by Agamemnon and undone,
What of thy rape and thine unwilling rapture

Didst thou remember, pure and simple daughter,
Seeing thy father with a golden treasure
Still fail to free thee from the deadly pleasure
And sail without thee home across the water ?

Wert thou so lonely then that thou didst crave
Oh any touch to make thee less alone,
Till, when the Grecian hand unclasped thy zone,
Almost did'st thou forget to be a slave ?

And when thy father's god with myriad slaughter
Ransomed thee at the last as if with gold,
And Agamemnon's fingers loosed their hold
Among thy tresses, O thou ravished daughter,

And when the Grecians sailed thee home again,
Threading the islands toward thy native cape,
No more a simple maid ! what of thy rape
And thine unwilling helpless rapture then

Didst thou remember, leaning on the mast
That dipt into the winds like a god's oar ?
Didst thou gaze backward toward the Trojan shore,
Willing a little at the very last ?

THE WILD ROSE

DEEP in the meadow where the roses hive
Their joy of June I went to be made glad.
They were not human but they were alive,
And they were all the living that I had.

The joyous roses in the meadow twine
And of themselves they give abundantly.
I plucked a rose, but it would not be mine,
I breathed it, but I could not make it me.

I tore the garment of my rose apart.
Alas, when all the petals had been shed,
Still made my rose a secret of its heart,
And I have left it on the meadow dead.

DURING MUSIC

SLOW with old pain
Awake again,
Her eyelids cling
In opening
Without surprise
Pain-patient eyes.
Her memory
How like the sea,
Whereunder, low,
The afterglow
Of day and night
Sinks out of sight !
Ah, she knows not
Her own dim thought,
Nor of her passion
Its first fierce fashion,
Nor of the past
Knows now at last
The dawn above
The flight of love.

All things that were
Are dim to her,
The dead days rise
With vacant eyes,
So swift, so aching
The woe awaking
Wakens to swoon
At this old tune.

SEAWARD

I KNOW there is another strand
Down where the sky is low as land,
Out of whose dimness cometh soon
The lowly rising of the moon.
And her impassive bar of light
Across the waters in the night
Hath power to hold the surges under,
When they rise up in foam and thunder.
And when the moon is taken away,
There is no light till early day,
And nothing on the sea can hold
The strength of waters mountain-rolled,
No light along the hidden sea
Husheth the waves continually.

NOCTURNE

STARS in the silent boughs
Wake while the robins drowse.

After so long a winging
What starts them now to singing?

Of course it is a love,
Which they are dreaming of.

But song and stars and dreams
Are lovelier than love seems.

Dreams and the stars and song!
Oh why does the world go wrong?

THE GRAVE

I WONDER if she grieves in her dark grave
Because she may not look through closéd eyes
When the mild moth wings of the morning wave
And swarm the tranquil emptiness of skies ?

I wonder if regret for the green earth
Wakens her heart and tells her timid feet
To grope back homeward through the gates of birth
Where there's a sun to make the shadow sweet ?

Once on her grave the flowers were springing up,
And they were bursting with the need to live ;
And every flower had raised an empty cup
Under the April sun, and sang : " O give ! "

And now they lift unto a sunless cloud
Their cups still empty, and they still cry : " Give ! "
And so may she be crying in her shroud,
And so may she have still the need to live.

TIME'S LOSSES

I

EGYPTIAN sands are restless like the sea!
With winds of all the ages, wave on wave,
Up heaven's stairs, the Pyramid, they rave . . .
They drown that rival of eternity!
And Cleopatra beckoned Anthony
To show her with a kiss if he were brave
Five fathom underneath the climbing grave
That riddles to the Sphinx unanswerably.

Holier ashes in the sands are drowned
Than Cleopatra's, fair but fainter fames
Of queens that were no more than blooms of sound,
The "Tragedies" of Alexandria's flames.
In ashes are they dead? Go tell the Sphinx
That they in God are living when God thinks!

TIME'S LOSSES

II

THE golden pillars of the Parthenon
Are all discrownéd of the Pheidian frieze;
Statues of gods within the waves off Greece
The Romans drowned, and then they voyaged on.
Chryselephantine phantom of the dawn,
Such is Athena now that no man sees;
And never in Melos more may Venus ease
With her lost lovely arms her lovers gone.

Earth the eternal lies upon the tomb
Of men who made of her so great a mother.
She waits . . . of men alive she waits what other
To make her spirit from her body bloom,
Her maiden majesty and act of love,
And the still unconceivéd dreams thereof?

ON A MACEDONIAN TOMB

So soon, behold, they tired of this their House,
Man and his woman even one in death,
Which from the love of life left out of breath
Their souls explored and makes it hard to rouse.
They have released themselves and dare not drowse,
Mistrustful, though the stealthy silence saith:
“Unto the dead no new thing followeth,
So slumber on beneath the cypress boughs.”

Yea, they have risen now and plumb the deep
Of the god-haunted spaces of the skies,
Nor trust the sad security of sleep,
Nor rest the ageless watching of their eyes,
Lest the abortion of the future leap
Quick on them with the terror of surprise.

THE END OF THE STORY

SADLY at midnight in the little room
I close the book, and on the window pane
I lean my forehead, till I hear again
Time — that is disenchanted now — resume
Its death-watch like a sentry in the gloom ;
And in my soul I hear the Grecian main
Ebbing its music from a tidal plain
That now becomes a waste without one bloom.

I close the book, and from imagined flight
I sink into myself. Good night, good night,
If night were not so long ! See how the moon
Is lagging in the arms of yonder tree !
The night is stagnant ! Ah, but see how soon
Out of those arms the moon is rising free !

AT PARTING

HUSH and give over : have no other thought
Than to be silent now ! Ah, cease to urge
Her to return ; for on the sunset verge
Of her own lone horizon she has caught
The wings of her own spirit sought and sought.
Call her no more ; lest, if she should emerge
Shoreward a moment, she should feel the surge
Breaking again upon the life forgot.

I would, instead, that I might go with her !
Yea, this instead, because she is so young
And may be troubled when the shadows stir
And have no knowledge of her way among
The nights that must be lonelier than they were,
When to my hand she tremulously clung.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

SHE sleeps . . . and shall she yet awake? She lies
So very quiet on her narrow bed.
The lace about her throat, the lilies spread
Upon her bosom neither fall nor rise,
Nor pale beneath the pallor of the skies
Veiled by the darkened windows; candles shed
The light that only falls about the dead.
When they are burned what dawn shall touch her eyes?

Princess of Slumber for a Hundred Years,
Before you fell asleep you dried your tears,
Hearing a Prince should come for your awaking,
And gladly closed your eyes to wait for him!
So if he leave your eyes forever dim,
Grieve not — you shall not know your old mistaking!

“MUSIC TO HEAR”

A LITTLE longer let thy fingers fall
Upon the keys. Oh cease, oh cease not yet !
But still, oh very gently, touch and fret
The sleep of an enchanted madrigal !
Fret and awake, call and caress and call,
And give not over calling, weep and wet
Thy song with all thy tears, till it forget
The silence that shall be the end of all.

Give over now at last, and let it be !
Waken no song that sleeps. Touch not a key, .
But let thine hands in mine be quiet. Lo !
Above that halcyon brooding on the seas
Which was thy voice, the tidal silences
Float with the drownéd life of long ago !

FOR A PICTURE OF A SAINT

SHE was a girl who waited on the Lord,
And years becalmed were hers that she might pray,
For He had pleasure in the simple way
She spake, and when before the Throne she poured
The patience of her gaze she made accord
With all the viols that in Heaven play,
And from the hymn on high the Will would stray
Earthward to her for some enchanted word.

Fountains were like the service of her thought,
And on her soul, forsooth, her senses fell
Like April rains at night that waken not.
But if she ever loved I cannot tell,
Or if the soul that has to Heaven been caught
Had dared to tarry with a soul in Hell.

TO ONE WHOSE LOVE WAS SERVICE

SHE never would have had a parting grieve
The two or three who gathered in her name,
Nor for the spent self-sacrificial flame
Of all her days spared she at all to sheave
The tired late hours left in the field at eve,
The hours ungleaned, but offered still the same
That presence unto which our prayers made
claim . . .

And so we dreamed that she would not take leave.

But on a night that was without a moon
Or even a star to light her long last way,
She moved her lips that we might come and kneel
Beside her; and we know not then how soon
She laid her lips upon us for her seal;
But when we rose it was another day.

A FACE

SUSCEPTIBLE as silence to a song,
Or lakes to winds, or night to slow sunrise,
Or dreamers sleeping where the moonlight lies
On meadows, to the moon's evasions long,
These are the eyes the days departed throng
With memories like clouds upon the skies,
Till out of weariness remembrance dies,
And hope, and nothing now is right or wrong.

Yet as the weary may outsleep the dawn
And waken in the doubtful evening light,
Thinking it still is dawn and not the night,
So she would think, — if only Love would tell! —
That still her golden hours have not all gone
The shadowy way that leads from Heaven to Hell.

THE PIETÀ OF MICHEL ANGELO

Look now how broken and how spent he lies,
Even like an arrow shattered in a tree,
Or like a messenger of victory
Who to his home so races that he dies.
In death dead-tired, he seems to agonise
Now for the rest he takes upon the knee
Of her who knows how restful death must be,
Bowing with pitilessly peaceful eyes.

He knew the virtue had gone out of him,
Once, in the years accomplished, to console
A sickened woman ; now from every limb
The crucified extortion of his soul
Drains until limbs are shrunk and eyes are dim
Virtue enough to make a sick world whole.

ATALANTA

I THINK that Atalanta turned her face
Backward along the course and saw the man,
Desperately defeated as he ran,
Throw down a golden apple upon a place
Where she must pass again and win the race.
She scanned his eyes — what care had she to scan
The shame of gold that was to break her ban
Of girlhood? — and she faltered in her pace.

Oh then she feared the fear to be a bride,
And feared the wind that had laid bare her thigh;
She burned to blushes, but she paused and bowed
Above the apple till he passed her by;
She hid her burning in his dusty cloud
And heard the trailing laughter of his pride!

IN THE HOME OF LIFE

As though to-morrow were the mortal morn,
The unpermitted portal in the hall
Where I have turned the golden keys of all
Those other portals wide and overworn
With passionate quest and hope not all forlorn,
Death seems so near to me that I might call
And by mine own intrusion disenthral
The secret that he keeps behind his bourne.

Scarce would I say *God grant*, for God grants death;
Yet granting death to me in time to come,
God grant my spirit be not wholly numb,
Nor so distracted by a strangling breath
That then should be eclipséd by the pain
The love that after all was all life's gain.

WHEN I AM OLD

WHEN I am old and weary of the world,
And ready for the solitary change
That after all adventure shall be strange —
When after revolutions that have hurled
The crowns of noon into the ocean swirled
Round my Helena and its haunted grange
I shall beside the window sit and range
Lost kingdoms with a dream of banners furled,

Be with me then . . . or if you have to be
Upon your errand to Eternity,
Oh keep not hidden in the skyey blue;
But turn at every star, half lingeringly,
And drop a quiet flower of memory,
That I may know the way to follow you.

THE NIGHTINGALES

STILL in Boccaccio's book the nightingales,
As in the ancient night of Florence, cool
With stars that made the silence purposeful,
Gleam in the silence with the starry tales
Boccaccio told of lust that wore love's veils.
Pure songs, they charm the claws of Time that pull
Love's veils away and show the withered skull
Hidden where the face flushes not now nor pales.

Oh for what face outlived that once was hers,
Hers who is living now and here asleep,
Call ye among the dead, proud wakeners?
Oh call no more, or she will wake and weep!
She wanders now by broken sepulchres,
She has an other tryst than mine to keep.

THE POET

Just listen to the poet's dream —
Of life he wants to live the whole !
So starving, that to feed his soul,
Poor fellow, he must make things *seem* !

THE MASTERPIECE

I THINK ere any early poet awed
Men with a haunted image of Mankind,
They buried in a grave gone out of mind
The supreme poet who imagined God.

YOUTH

I AM as one born blind. God, let me see !
Thou hast enchanted me in a strange land,
So sweet, that I forget the mystery
Of thine unseen, insinuating Hand.

TIME IN A GARDEN

THE daffodils have held one golden day
For seven days and nights ; their day is done.
Their requiem, 't is the iris misty and gray,
Which holds the hour of twilight in the sun.

THE RHONE AT AVIGNON

UNDER the towers the currents of the Rhone
Endure the deep division of an isle,
Proud from the first embrace to wait alone
Their marriage through the seaward Afterwhile.

ON A CERTAIN IRREGULARITY

PUT out the World — I want to sleep awhile !
I know about her beauties very well.
When I am tired of her Platonic smile,
She breaks the Law to work a Miracle !

TO A DESERTED LITTER OF PUPPIES

NEW-BORN, and so precariously new,
Blind in a milkless world, and shivering,
The very puppies for a moment knew
That the life-effort is the fatal thing.

TO A GOADED SHEEP

IF it had known the journey's end, the dunce,
Limping along, the mimic of its pain,
It might have known there was n't much to gain —
It might have rested, and been killed at once.

A FRANCISCAN

His tonsure like a branded aureole,
His naked feet, the rope that round him ties
The sack that cloisters him — can these control
The truant dreaming of his prisoned eyes?

TRIBUTE

SOME few, within a still, religious haunt,
Pay unto God the tribute of their praise;
But others have to pay in other ways —
They suffer, God, if that is what you want.

OUT OF DOORS

I HEAR the wings, the winds, the river pass,
And toss the fretful book upon the grass.
Poor book, it could not cure my soul of aught —
It has itself the old disease of thought.

ABOUT AN ALLEGORY

It was the earth that Dante trod
When he trod Hell, it was the earth,
Itself sufficient for the hearth
That warms the hands of a cold God.

TRISTAN AND ISEULT OF THE WHITE HANDS

A FRAGMENT

Tristan

Boy, art thou waking?

Iseult

Nay, he sleeps, but I
Have wakened all night through, dear lord.

Tristan

What news?

Iseult

The dawn hath broke the east. There hath no more
Than dawn and gradual stars come over-sea,
And the long moon since last I gave thee word.

Tristan

Then will I watch by day as thou by night,
Till that lone ship shall follow stars and moon
Up to the empty circle of the heavens,
And rise on wings of white and bring my love,
Or rise on raven wings and bring her not,
And tell me with its wings to live or die.
Lift me a little in my bed, Iseult,
Lift me, and let me look upon the light.

Iseult

Yea, Tristan, rest thine eyes upon the sky
And the untroubled presence of the sea,
And rest upon my breast thy fallen head.

Tristan

Thine arms are all about me as of old.
Where have we fallen apart, Iseult, that thus
Thine arms are all about me as of old
And thy loose hair entangles me, and still
I am as far from thee as hell from heaven ?

Iseult

Ask me not that, nor ask it of thyself,
Lest thou shouldst understand too well at last
How flowers of loveliness may fade for love.
Perchance I waked for thee too long, and faded !

Tristan

Wert thou awake indeed ?

Iseult

Yea, lord, indeed.

Tristan

Would I had called thee then. I lay alone,
Walled in by midnight darkness, and the waves
Rolled out their rhythms on the empty sands
And set the chambers murmuring like a shell.
Then was I haunted by a ghost of fear . . .
The seas are very perilous by night,
And love is little when the seas are wide :
Perchance Iseult of Cornwall will not come !
I might have called thee when I trembled then,

And felt thee throbbing by me, breath by breath,
A living creature in that deadly darkness.

Iseult

The midnight darkness walled us in together,
The surges rolled their rhythms on the shore,
The chambers murmured dumbly like a shell,
And I was haunted by a ghost like thine.
I have no gift of comfort any more
To bring thee quiet breathing in the night,
For all my magic is nothing more than love,
And all my love is turned from me aside
While from my breast thou gazest to the sea.

Tristan

My wound is master of my words, Iseult.
I am too weary with my wound to say
How I love not, how love, how now my life
Lingers a little only till my love
From all her sailing sinks her anchor here.
Thee have I loved indeed. So for that love,
So for that love that I have not remembered,
Oh help me live until the sails come home!
Be not afraid, I should not leave thee then,

Not though a friend had need and called, not though
Another love than thine were calling at last
Should I arise and leave for love or battle.
But all my heart hath only this desire,
That the warm woman flower of overseas
Iseult of Cornwall hear my call and come,
Crossing the seas, and hide me in her hair,
And hold me in her fragrance till I die.

TRANSLATIONS

SONNET

FROM RONSARD

I WANT to read the Iliad in three days,
So, Corydon, turn tight the lock on me.
If any one disturbs me, verily,
Thou shalt find out how much mine anger weighs.

I only want to come and make my bed
Our chambermaid, thy mate, and never thee;
I want to live three days in privacy,
Then to make merry for a week ahead.

But should somebody from Cassandra come,
Open the door and let him enter straight,
Hurry into my room, and help me dress.

For him alone I want to be at home.
Otherwise, though a god for me express
From heaven, shut the door and let him wait.

SONNET

FROM DU BELLAY

HAPPY is he who like Ulysses travels far,
Or like the one who made the conquest of the Fleece,
And then returns, laden with lore and memories,
To pass the remnant of his life where kindred are !

Alas, when shall I see again the smoke upglide
Above my little town, and in what time of year
See once again the garden of my home austere,
Which is for me a province, and so much beside ?

Pleases me more the mansion that my fathers knew
Than the façades of Roman courts spectacular :
Pleases me more than mighty marble the slate fine,
Than the Italian Tiber more the Gallic Loire,
And more my little Lyré than Mount Palatine,
And more than ocean wind the softness of Anjou.

UPON A DEAD WOMAN

FROM DE MUSSET

BEAUTIFUL was she, if the Night
Which sleeps where Michel Angelo
Has made her bed the shrine twilight,
Without a motion may be so.

She was a saint, if 't is enough,
Passing, to give with open palms,
So God sees not nor speaks thereof;
If, without pity, gold makes alms.

Thoughtful she was, if the vain tone
Of a sweet voice and subtly wrought,
Just like a stream that maketh moan,
May make one have belief in thought.

She prayed, if two resplendent eyes,
Upon the earth a moment staying,
A moment lifted to the skies,
May properly be called a praying.

She would have smiled, if ever a flower
That is not in full blossom yet
Could be burst open by the power
Of winds that pass it and forget.

She would have wept, if hand of hers,
Laid on her heart in this cold way,
Could once have felt in all her years
The dew of heaven in human clay.

She would have loved, save that her pride,
Like to the lamp unserviceable
Illumined at the coffin's side,
By her hard heart stood sentinel.

She's dead, and never lived at all.
She looks as though she were not dead.
Out of her hands she has let fall
The book that she has never read.

MEDITATION

FROM BAUDELAIRE

BE patient, O my Grief, and quiet down.
You call for Evening; it descends; 't is here;
An atmosphere obscure enfolds the town,
Bringing to some repose, to others fear.
Now, while the human hordes without renown,
Under the lash of Pleasure, doomsman drear,
Gather remorse in fêtes of slave and clown,
My Grief, hold out your hand to me; draw near,
Afar from them. See how the Years deceased
Bow from the skies in robes of by-gone styles;
Out of the water springs Regret and smiles;
Beneath an arch is drowsed the dying sun,
And drawn like a long coffin toward the East,
Hear, love, the coming Night, the gentle one.

COMPLAINT OF LORD PIERROT

FROM JULES LAFORGUE

SHE that must put me wise about the Feminine !
We'll tell her firstly, with my air least impolite :
“ The angles of a triangle, O sweetheart mine,
Are equal to two right.”

And if this cry escape her : “ God, how I love thee ! ”
— “ God will reward his own.” Or if she wince and cry :
“ My keys have heart, thou shalt be all my melody ! ”
“ All's relative,” say I.

With all her eyes then, knowing that she is too trite :
“ Alas, thou lov'st me not ; others are jealous, too ! ”
And I, who with one eye at the Unconscious sight :
“ Thanks, not so bad ; and you ? ”

“Let’s play that we are true!” — “O Nature, for what
profit?

For each who loses someone wins!” Then lines like these:
“Thou’lt be the first to weary, I am certain of it. . . .”
— “After you, if you please.”

At last if she shall die some evening, fugitive
Among my books; feigning to be incredulous,
I’ll mutter: “Well now, but — we had the Means to Live!
So it was serious?”

CONCEITS

FROM JULES LAFORGUE

AH! the Moon, the Moon obsesses me . . .
Do you think there is a remedy?

Dead? But may she not be merely numb,
Drunken with the cosmic opium?

O rose-window with thine efflorescence
Tomb-like in the Temple of Quiescence,

Thou persistest in thine attitude,
While I stifle with my lonely mood.

Yes, oh yes, thy breast is fashioned fair;
But, if never I may suckle there? . . .

Oh, to-morrow night, and such allusion
Will go off a-laughing in confusion,

Finding in my platonism fine
Raptures of an angler at his line.

Queen of Lilies, hail ! Your Majesty,
I would pierce thee with the moths of me !

I would kiss thy patine, widowed
Charger of Saint John the Baptist's head !

I would find a song to touch thee so,
Thou would'st voyage to the mouth below.

But there are no other rhymes for Moon — ah,
What a most regrettable lacuna !

SEA WIND

FROM MALLARMÉ

THE flesh is sad, alas, and all the books are read.
Flight, flight out there ! The birds, I know, are ravished
To be amid the unknown foam and in the skies !
Nothing, not olden gardens mirrored in the eyes
Can hold at home this heart that plunges in the sea,
O nights, nor yet my candle's lonely clarity
On the blank page whose whiteness keeps it undefiled,
Nor the young wife who suckles at her breast her child.
I will depart. O steamer with thy masts asway,
Lift anchor now for an exotic Far-away.
An ennui, desolate with hopes that turned to griefs,
Is trusting still the last good-bye of handkerchiefs !
And it may be these masts, which to the tempests beck,
Are even of those a wind may bend above a wreck
Lost, with no masts, no masts nor isles exuberant . . .
But hearken, O my heart, unto the sailors' chant !

Note: The first line is Arthur Symonds'.

WHAT SILK IN SCENTS

FROM MALLARMÉ

WHAT silk in scents of centuries
Where the Chimera is subdued
Is worth the shape and native nude
That you outside your mirror ease?

The wounds of banners eloquent
Exalt along the thoroughfare :
But I — I have your naked hair
For covering my eyes content.

Ah no ! the mouth may not be sure
To taste of that which makes it fond,
Till he, your princely paramour,
Extinguish, like a diamond,
In the considerable tangles
The cry of Glories that he strangles.

MUSETTE

FROM MURGER

SEEING a swallow yesterday
Bringing the year into its prime,
I was reminded of the fay
Who loved me when she had the time ;
And even till the night drew near
In revery I bowed above
The almanack of that old year
When she and I were so in love.

Ah, no, my youth is not dead yet,
Not dead my memory of you !
If at my door you knocked, Musette,
My heart would open and draw you through.
Because your name still makes it beat,
O Muse of infidelity,
Come back that we again may eat
The blessed bread of gaiety.

The things about our little room,
The olden friends of our amour,
Just in the hope that you may come
Put on again a gay allure.
Come, you will see them all, my lass,
Mourning because you left them there,
The little bed and the big glass,
From which you often drank my share.

You should put on your white array,
Exactly as of yore you should,
And as of yore the Sabbath day
We'd go to run about the wood;
And in a bower at evening
We'd drink again that vintage light
Wherein your song would dip a wing
Before it soared into the night.

Musette, who at the last had learned
The carnival had sunk to rest,
Upon a pleasant morn returned,
Migrating bird, to the old nest;
But even in kissing the coquette,
No longer did my heart beat high,

And she, who is no more Musette,
Said that I was no longer I.

Adieu, now go your ways, my dear,
Dead with the love that is no more ;
Our youth is in its sepulchre
Beneath the almanack of yore.
'T is only now by digging through
The dust of days that in it lies
A memory may find anew
The key of the lost paradise.

AFTER THREE YEARS

FROM VERLAINE

WHEN I had pushed the narrow gate that hung ajar,
I made my way into the little garden close,
Whereover quietly the morning sunshine glows,
Jeweling every blossom with a watery star.

Nothing has changed. I see it all: the unpretending
Bower with the vine grown wild and wicker chairs around.
Always the jet of water makes its silver sound,
And the old aspen tree its threnody unending.

The roses as of yore are throbbing; as of yore
The great proud lilies in the breeze are bending o'er.
I recollect each lark that in and out is sailing.

Even the Velleda, I find, is standing yet,
Down at the alley's end, with all its plaster scaling,
— Thin, in the sickening perfume of the mignonette.

NEVERMORE

FROM VERLAINE

MEMORY, Memory, what would'st thou have? The fall
Has put the thrush to flight across the fatal air,
The while the sun is darting a monotonous glare
On yellowing woods that thunder with a northern squall.

We were alone and in a dream we walked away,
Just she and I together, with hair and thought blown free.
Suddenly uttered, with her thrilling gaze on me,
Her voice of living gold: "What was thy happiest day?" —

Fresh and angelical, her ringing voice and sweet!
I let her have her answer in a smile discreet,
And pressed a kiss on her white hand, devotedly.

Ah, the first flowers of all, how good they are to smell!
And sounds with what a murmur of felicity
The "yes" that is the first from lips adorable.

MY FAMILIAR DREAM

FROM VERLAINE

OFTEN I have a vision strange and close
Of an Unknown I love and who loves me,
And who is never the same, nor utterly
Another, and me she loves and me she knows.

She knows me, and my heart, alas, that clears
For her alone, is not a problem now
For her alone, and my pale sweating brow
Can she alone of all refresh, in tears.

Is she blonde, auburn, dark ? I cannot say.
Her name ? I know that it is soft and splendid,
As of the loves that Life has driven away.

Her gaze is as the gaze of statuary,
And she has in her voice, grave, distant, airy,
The cadence of dear voices that have ended.

LANGUOR

FROM VERLAINE

I AM the Empire at the end of the Decline,
Who watch the marching of the tall barbarians white,
The while I am composing some acrostics slight,
All in the golden style adance with tired sunshine.

My soul is sick at heart with an ennui supine.
Far off they tell of many a long and bloody fight.
O lack of power, being so weak for vows so light,
O lack of will to use awhile this life of mine!

O lack of will, O lack of power to die awhile!
Ah, all is drunk! Bathyllus, wilt thou always smile?
Ah, all is drunk, all eaten! There's no more to say!

Only, a bit of verse too trivial that you burn,
Only, a slave neglecting you a bit to stray,
Only, an ennui, who knows what, that makes you mourn!

OH HEAVY, HEAVY WAS MY MIND

FROM VERLAINE

OH heavy, heavy was my mind,
Because, because of womankind.

I never could be comforted,
Far off although my heart had fled.

Although my mind, although my heart
Far from the woman kept apart.

I never could be comforted,
Far off although my heart had fled.

My heart, my heart in very ruth
Said to my mind : " Is it the truth,

Is it the truth — or has it been —
This exile proud, this exile keen ? "

My mind said to my heart : “ Do I
Myself make out this mystery

Of exiles who remain at home,
However far away they roam ? ”

CYDALISES

FROM GERARD DE NERVAL

WHERE are our mistresses?
They are within the tomb!
They have more happiness
Within a lovelier home!

They with the seraphim
Are deep in the blue sky,
And with their praises hymn
The mother of the Most High!

O virgin in first flower,
O snow-white bride to be,
Love-woman for an hour,
To fade in misery,

Eternity profound
Was smiling in your eyes!
Lights that the world has drowned,
Rekindle in the skies!

DELPHICA

FROM GERARD DE NERVAL

DAPHNE, do you remember this old strain,
Under the sycamore or laurel white,
Or olives, myrtles, or blown willows light,
This song of love . . . that always starts again ?

Do you remember the great columned fane,
The bitter citrons that you still would bite,
The cavern, death to many a wreckless wight,
Where sleep old offspring of the dragon slain ?

They will return, these gods you weep always !
Time will bring back the reign of ancient days ;
The earth has quivered with the breath immortal . . .

And yet the sibyl of the Roman mien
Sleeps still beneath the arch of Constantine :
—And nothing has disturbed that haughty portal.

MIGNON'S SONG

FROM GOETHE

KNOWEST thou the country where the citrons bloom?
Gold oranges light up the leafy gloom,
Indolent wind is in the azure skies,
The myrtle still and high the laurel rise.
Dost thou remember? Thither, thither,
I would, Beloved, we might go together.

Knowest thou the mansion with the columned walls?
The laughter of the light is in its halls,
And marble statues stand and gaze at me:
"Unhappy child, what have they done to thee?"
Dost thou remember? Thither, thither,
I would, my saviour, we might go together.

Knowest thou the mountain and its cloudy tryst?
The mule seeks out the way amid the mist,
The dragon's ancient brood is in the cave,
Plunges the cliff, and over it the wave.
Dost thou remember? Thither, thither
Our way! O Father, let us go together!

SONG

FROM HEINE

HE was an olden monarch,
Hoary of hair, his heart had died.
The lonely olden monarch
Married a maiden bride.

He was a page in Maytime,
Yellow his hair, glad was his mien.
He bore the silken trailing
Train of the maiden queen.

Knowest thou the olden ditty,
So full of sweet, so full of woe?
They had to die together,
They loved each other so.

TO ZANTE

FROM UGO FOSCOLO

NE'ER shall I reach again the shores divine
Where was deliveréd my body young,
O Zante, who dost in the surges shine
Of the Greek sea, from which was Venus sprung
Virgin, and filled those isles with flower and vine
At her first smile, whence is there still a tongue
For thy clear clouds and all those boughs of thine
In the immortal verse of him who sung
The fatal waters and the exile strange,
From which, made fair with fame and bitter change,
Ulysses kissed his rocky Ithaca.
Thou of thy son shalt have the song alone,
O mother land of mine: the fates withdraw
From us the grave that thou might'st weep upon.

ON THE DEATH OF A BROTHER

FROM UGO FOSCOLO

SOME day, if I go not forever flying
From people to people, thou shalt see me come
Upon thy grave, O thou my brother, sighing
Of thy so gentle years the fallen bloom.
Our mother, now alone to her night nighing,
Speaks about me unto thine ashes dumb ;
But with wild hands to reach you I am trying,
And lonely from afar salute my home.
I know the hostile Fates and unconfessed
Cares that were in thy life tempestuously,
And at thy portal pray I too for rest.
This out of so much hope to-day is left !
O strangers, yield at least the bones of me
Unto the bosom of the mother reft.

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